

MAN'S

HOW DO YOU RATE AS A LOVER? TAKE LOVE TEST



# DARING

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SHOCKING EXPOSE: **HELL IN A BLUE BIKINI!** NOV. A

THE NUDE GYPSY AND  
HER LIVING DEAD



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# "We're looking for people who like to draw"

By ALBERT DORNE  
Famous Magazine Illustrator

**D**o you like to draw or paint? If you do—America's 12 Most Famous Artists are looking for you. We'd like to help you find out if you have talent worth developing.

Here's why we make this offer. More than a decade ago, my colleagues and I realized that too many people were missing wonderful careers in art . . . either because they hesitated to think they had talent . . . or because they couldn't get topnotch professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

#### A Plan to Help Others

We decided to do something about this. First, we pooled the rich, practical experience, the professional know-how, and the precious trade secrets that helped us reach the top. Then—illustrating this knowledge with over 5,000 special drawings and paintings—we created a complete course of art training that folks all over the country could take right in their own homes and in their spare time. This course is accredited by the Accrediting Commission, National Home Study Council, Washington, D. C., a nationally recognized accrediting agency.

Our training has helped thousands of men and women win the creative satisfactions and the cash rewards of part-time or full-time art careers. Here are just a few:

Herb Smith was a payroll clerk. Soon after he started studying with us, he landed an art job with a large printing firm. This was four years ago; today he's head artist for the same firm.

#### Helps Design New Cars

Halfway through our training, Don Golemba of Detroit landed a job in the styling department of a major automobile company. Now he

helps design new car models.

"Your course has been the difference between failure and success for me," writes Robert Meechan of Ontario, Canada. "I've come from an \$18.00 a week apprentice to where I now own my own house, two cars, and hold stock in two companies."

John Whitaker of Memphis was an airline clerk when he began studying with us. Recently, a huge syndicate signed him to do a daily comic strip.

#### Earns Seven Times as Much

Eric Erickson of Minneapolis was a clerk when he enrolled with us. Now, he heads an advertising-art-studio business and earns seven times his former salary.

Elizabeth Lincoln—mother of six—now teaches art classes in her Massachusetts home. She's building a tidy nest egg for the education of her children.

#### Cowboy Starts Art Business

Donald Kern—a Montana cowboy—studied with us. Now he paints portraits, sells them for \$250 each. And he gets all the business he can handle.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she started studying with us. Now a swank New York gallery exhibits her paintings for sale.

#### Free Art Talent Test

*How about you?* Wouldn't you like to find out if you have talent worth training for a full-time or part-time art career? Simply send for our revealing 12-page talent test. Thousands paid \$1 for this test, but we'll send it to you *free*. If you show promise, you'll be eligible for at-home training under the program we direct. No obligation. Mail the coupon today.



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GEORGE GIUSTI



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# MAN'S DARING



ROBERT C. SPROUL \_\_\_\_\_ Publisher  
BERNARD BAILY \_\_\_\_\_ Editor  
CHARLES FOSTER \_\_\_\_\_ Production

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NOV. 1962

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## **Compare this Job with a Future to the One You Have Now**

**—then if you'd like to switch—I'll show you how to do it!**

I'd like to show you how easy it is for you to get into one of the fastest growing professions in America. This year, unfortunately, more than 25 million people will have automobile accidents. This means that insurance companies are faced with the tremendous problem of settling over 69,000 auto accident claims every day! And a qualified *Claim Adjuster* has to investigate every accident and report on it before the *Claim* can be settled!

### **Work That MUST ■ Done!**

These investigations cannot be put off. The courts demand action! Insurance companies cannot afford to let claims drag on—and mount up! They must be settled, because huge reserves of company money are tied up by law when auto accident claims remain unsettled.

### **And That Is Where YOU Come In!**

Insurance companies everywhere are looking for people who know how to handle this specialized work—full or part time—and they are prepared to pay top money to any man who can fill the bill. Not only do they pay top salaries; in addition, they offer every opportunity for rapid advancement to executive positions and the high bracket incomes that go with them. And in addition—and because experienced help is so scarce—they offer many fringe benefits practically unheard of in many other kinds of businesses.

### **But Money Isn't ALL You Get!**

The foregoing are facts—facts you can easily verify if you care to check with any insurance company or any law office. And it explains why even *beginners* in the field of *Claim Investigation* can count on a good starting income as high as \$450 a month! But your salary is only the beginning! Insurance companies, for ex-

ample, usually furnish their *Claim Investigators* with a company car and the company pays for the upkeep. (Or, if you drive your own car, the company pays you a mileage allowance to cover operating costs.) Nor is that all. The company often segregates its investigators from details of the main office by providing a private office with a secretary.

### **You Meet Interesting People!**

In this kind of work you meet interesting people, important people, influential people, such as lawyers, police officers, judges. Each case is a new adventure. These are the kind of people who can be worth knowing! These acquaintances often develop into lifelong friendships valued far more than financial gain. And remember that the *Claim Investigator's* life is filled with exciting new experiences. No two cases are alike! Each day presents stimulating new problems, and back of it all is the deep, inner satisfaction of rendering a real service to your community!

### **If You Prefer to Operate a Business of Your Own**

Even with all the company benefits some men prefer to operate their own business. No matter how ideal the job, they want to be "on their own." There are few greater opportunities to do this today than those open to you in the field of *Claim Investigating*. You can even start with your own home as your headquarters. You have no office rent to pay—almost no overhead. Your chief expense is the investment of a few dollars for stationery, business cards and office record sheets. You can even start in your spare time—keeping your regular job until the day arrives when your spare time income is more than the amount of your present pay.



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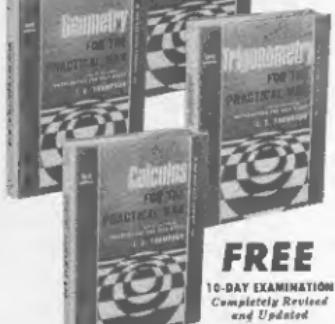
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Dear Editor:

Okay, okay, you've convinced me. After reading your article: "Weather and Climate Can Affect Your Love Life", I've made up my mind to move to Florida. The last frozen-faced Northern chick who turned me down was the straw that broke the camel's back. From now on, it's the hot-blooded h'you-all's for me.

R.D.

Norwalk, Ohio

Ed.: Don't blame it altogether on the weather, R.D. Maybe it's your approach that brings on the deep freeze. Stick it out another summer and then let us hear from you.

Dear Editor:

After seeing your new French cutie, Colette Berne, I've decided to take French lessons. Vive la France. Vive la difference. Vive Colette.

P.B.

Tucson, Arizona

Ed.: C'est la vie.

Dear Editor:

Congrats to Jerry Raines on his story, "Prof. Samson and His Gallery of Nudes." That's what I call crime reporting with real ring to it.

T.L.

Bronx, New York

Ed.: Also soom and vava voom. Thanks for the kind words.

Dear Editor:

The guys and I down at the shop got a big boot out of your cartoons last month. Let's have some more of them. We guarantee a spot for them on the bulletin board.

B.V.

Mobile, Alabama

Ed.: Keep that spot open, B.V. More and funnier cartoons are in store for you in future issues.

Dear Editor:

Your story, "The Naked Cuties of Red China" was a real shocker. How can people sink so low as to make such shameful use of innocent young girls?

E.S.R.

Falls Church, Va.

Ed.: Exactly the point we were trying to illustrate, E.S.R.

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GENERAL  
YAGISHI'S

# SECRET ARMY

He used sin-savvy Oriental beauties as bait to lure officials with important information into his love traps. A simple set-up? Well, it almost lost a war for this country.

**Editor's Note:** The author, an American, was born in Hong Kong, attended school in Shanghai and Tokyo and then joined his father's export business in Singapore. He had been working with British intelligence for several years when he joined the O.S.S. as one of its first agents months before the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor.

**WHEN YOU'VE BEEN AROUND** the Far East as long as I have, you've got few surprises coming as far as women are concerned. You've known them all—the bashful little Jap girls who hide their quick passion behind shy glances, the matter-of-fact China dolls who are coldly out for sex kicks like sailors in a joy joint, the slinky Eurasian half-breeds whose figures are the best in the (Continued on next page)



# OF NAKED GEISHA GIRLS

By FRANK BANCROFT



"If there is anything you want," the Japanese girl said, "I am here to see that you get it."

## The geisha was sponging me with water red with my blood.

world and who love so hard they can kill a man with their hunger.

But there were some surprises left for me when, one foggy August evening of 1941, I visited the Palace of the 1000 Pleasures in San Francisco. Frisco was still a wide-open town then; its tenderloin district was lined with no-limit strip joints. B-girl bars and plush call houses, and you could not walk along the streets without being propositioned a couple of times in every block.

The Palace of the 1000 Pleasures was probably the most exclusive establishment in the city at that time. The number of clients was limited, the rates were exorbitant, and you could only get in by special invitation. I got one of those invitations and I went.

THEY'D BEEN expecting me, for the arrangement was by appointment only, and the little old man who managed the place had met me bowing at the door in his *Samurai* robes, and had ushered me into one of the pleasure rooms. And that's where my surprises started.

A half dozen kimono girls, each a perfection of face and figure, swarmed giggling into the suite. Still giggling, they swarmed all over me and started taking off my western outer clothes, as is the custom in geisha houses. Where my surprise came in was that the girls' kimonos were not made of the usual brocade but of transparent silk that clung softly to their firm figures. They wore nothing under these kimonos, proud of their perky upthrust breasts, their gently rounded hips and slender limbs. They swarmed all over me, caressing me with

The place was called the Palace of 1,000 Pleasures—and I was beginning to find out why.

their soft, silky bodies; they giggled and laughed, and they put me down on a low Japanese couch and brought me tea, and they sang and they danced symbolic unashamed dances that told everything.

It would have been great if I'd been at the Palace of the 1000 Pleasures strictly for kicks and a good time. But I wasn't. I was there on serious business, damn serious business, and if nothing else reminded me of it, there was the pressure on my thighs of the thin leather straps that held the sheath of a tiny but sharp knife and the suede holster of a short-barreled pistol, chambered for .22 caliber magnum explosive dum-dum bullets. Because, if our suspicions were correct, this wasn't a palace of pleasure but of intrigue and death, and from the moment I'd stepped through the door I'd been in mortal danger.

ABOUT THREE WEEKS EARLIER, on a hot and sweaty summer day in Washington, D.C., my chief had called me into his office.

"Frank," the colonel said, "we have got a real problem on our hands. We've been losing some of our best men—Army, Navy, Air Corps, OSS—before they even get on a boat to go out to the Far East. The men go out to San Francisco to the Port of Embarkation. They go to town for a last night of stateside fun. And then they don't come back."

"Deserters?"  
The colonel shook his head. "No question of that. Everyone of them was reliable, top-notch. All Far Eastern specialists like yourself. They just disappear without a trace. And there's another thing

of 1,000 Pleasures—and I

too. We've broken some Japanese code messages that indicate that some of our most important secrets are leaking out. Like what ships we're sending to Pearl; what units are stationed at Corregidor; what we plan to do when the day comes that the Japs attack."

"Got any leads?"

"Not really, Frank. Nothing very substantial. The thing to do is to go to Frisco and nose around. There's no doubt that the source of trouble is somewhere in the Bay Area. There is some powerful nucleus of Japanese agents at work."

"Why not just round up all the Japs?"

"We can't do that. We aren't at war yet. Let me tell you what we do know. We know that General Lork—yes, he's one of the men who disappeared—told someone that he was going to a geisha house."

"That figures," I said. "He was an old Far East hand, and we all like geishas. Best girls in the world."

The colonel grunted. "Myself, I like American girls best," he said. "But that as it may, the general went to a geisha house, and the other men who disappeared probably went too. I think we have a wholesale kidnap and espionage operation on our hands."

"Shouldn't be too hard to raid the Frisco geisha houses," I said.

"No dice," the colonel said. "I checked. So long as their operations are legitimate, there's nothing we can do. This is still a free country and I hope it stays that way. Only thing to do is to get into the lion's den and snoop around. I suggest you start at the Palace of 1000 Pleasures."

I'D HEARD ABOUT the place. It was highly "respectable" . . . which means expensive. My doubt showed on my face.

"I know," the colonel said. "It's been operating for years and has the best people for clients. But let me tell you this: about ten months ago, just before the trouble started, the Palace changed ownership. A madam who calls herself Lishi Takamoto now runs the place. And now here comes the kicker."

"What's that?"

"We had a report from our embassy in Tokyo about a year ago that General Yagishi, director of Japanese special operations in

continued on page 44



# VICKI GRAY



Vicki Gray is the latest graduate of the New School of British lovelies who have come to grace our shores. Sultry and tempestuous, they are burying for all time the icy image of the traditionally frigid English beauty. Vicki is typical of the litesome new generation who have traded in their tweeds for black chiffon.



As a child during the days of Hitler's blitz, Vicki was busily developing a few secret weapons of her own. No cribbage-fanatic, she digs jazz records and fast cars. However, she still clings to certain native preferences, like walking on a foggy night with a good conversationalist.

Don't be misled by Vicki's charming British accent. When she calls you "old boy" it means the same as when a Georgia peach calls you "sugah."



THE

# NUDE GYPSY

## AND HER LIVING DEAD!



**She was love-hungry for men, and those who could appease her wild, wanton appetite became slaves to this Mistress of Hell.**

By PIERRE BOULANGER

Editor's Note: Monsieur Boulanger is one of France's outstanding newspapermen and magazine writers. His specialty is the reportage of international crime cases.

**T**HE GYPSY WAGON HAD drawn up in an empty corner of the field, not far from the traveling carnival. It was late at night now; the organ music of the merry-go-round had stopped, and in its place broken wail of the brash, brassy jazz from the belly dance sideshow wafted through the darkness. The ferris wheel still turned, and the freaks tent was

doing a land office business.

Away from the carnival's multi-colored puddle of light, an occasional drunk stumbled across the field, past the gypsy wagon, back toward the French town of Epinal. One of them was Jacques Darney, a 20-year-old pipe fitter. Jacques was a good-looking, husky young man; he had gone to the carnival to laugh and to drink and to forget that he had just been jilted by his girl.

When Jacques neared the (continued on page 47)

*"Look at my lover," the gypsy laughed. "We drink wine, and he drinks blood."*





THE

# ABOMINABLE SNOW-WOMAN

OF MT. BADRINATH



**They said she didn't exist, that she was a myth, but the woman he held in his arms was real—or was he going mad?**

By ERNEST YETI

**Editor's Note:** Mr. Yeti is an American mountaineer with great climbing experience in the Himalayas. He was a member of the famous expedition which was the first to reach the summit of Annapurna. The story he tells here is about another climb.

**JAMISON ALDRIDGE WAS STRETCHED** out flat in the freezing snow, his skull cracked in two places where it had collided against the jagged edges of the cliff during his fall. He had been climbing ahead of the rest of our party and somehow he must have lost

his footing on the ledge above, for he had tumbled down the two hundred foot cliff and landed with a sickening thud on the slope where we were now standing. The three of us, myself, Dr. Severfield, and Lise Hindemith our photographer, were stooping over his dying, broken body. He seemed to be trying to tell us something. "What is it? What is it, Jamie?" Lise cried. Finally, between the blood gushing from his open mouth, he managed to say, "I—I—saw—her—white—like—snow—

*(Continued on next page)*



Lisa had little fear of climbing the icy mountain, it was men she thought dangerous.

sh-she—kissed me . . ." Then, the death-rattle choking in his throat, he died.

The three of us, mastering our grief, looked at one another in amazement. "Who did he see?" Dr. Severfield asked. He was a heavyset man with a full, black beard and it was strange to see tears in his eyes. "Could it have been the snowman—or was he having a hallucination?"

"But he said it was a she," Lisa said. "And that she kissed him." Lisa was a gorgeous woman with full breasts and red full lips, and though she acted as if she was colder than ice caps on the mountain, I knew she had her eye on me. "Well, whatever it was," I said, "there's nothing more we can do now but bury Jamie. It's a cinch he's not going to be able to tell us anything more." I took another look at Lisa, and the thought crossed my mind that this might be a good time for me to console her. We'd done a lot of climbing that day and all of us could use a little relaxation.

At this point, Orano, our head

porter, and one of his men came up the slope. Orano was a slant-eyed Nepalese, and for some reason, I didn't trust him worth a damn. I didn't like the mean knife that he always carried in his belt, and I didn't like the way he looked at Lisa. Dr. Severfield told him what had happened, and when he mentioned the strange woman in white to whom the dying man had referred, the other porter began trembling. "The evil one," he cried. "We are lost!" Screaming wildly, he raced down the slopes toward our base camp before anyone even thought of stopping him. Dr. Severfield was puzzled. "Now what could have possessed that fool?" Coldly, Orano replied, "It bad now. When he get to camp, he tell all porters about evil one, they all desert. You'll see."

"I'd better try to stop them," Dr. Severfield said. He motioned Orano to follow him and started down the mountain. "Wait for us here!" he cried over his shoulder.

I didn't mind at all being left alone with Lisa. She was still pretty upset about Jamie's death and her cheeks were red with trails of tears. I put my arm around her and led her to a mound of frozen snow. We sat down and I pulled her to me, kissing her again and again, reaching into her parka with my free hand. "Don't, Ernie!" she protested. "Not now." She was right. It was not the right time. "Tonight then," I said. "Let me come to you when the others are asleep." She looked at me for a long while, then she shook her head, indicating her willingness. My long wait was finally going to pay off.

**W**E HAD STARTED OUT on our expedition early in August and now it was the first week in September and we were only slightly more than halfway to the top of Mt. Badrinath, which rises to a height of over 22,000 feet in the Gangetic System of the mighty Himalayas. Unlike most assaults on these lofty mountains, ours was not undertaken simply because Badrinath was there. We were a scientific party formed to investigate reports of a two-legged creature who had been seen at different times by several other climbers during their attempts to scale the slopes of Badrinath. I didn't believe a word of it myself, but Dr. Severfield was particularly excited about these rumors, for he was an anthropologist doing special research on the

so-called "missing link" theory. He had his suspicions that the creature seen on the mountain might be the solution to that long-unsolved mystery. I had signed up with the expedition as a guide and, to be honest, I was much more interested in Lisa than in

When Dr. Severfield returned with Orano it was obvious from the look on his face that he was bringing bad news. His black beard bristled with anger. "That fool porter did just what Orano said he would," he declared. "He panicked all the other porters and they ran the hell out of camp before we could get to them. Now we'll have to leave most of our equipment behind, and damned if we can go on with the climb without them." He seemed determined to give the whole thing up until Lisa reminded him of Jamie's dying words. "What about the strange thing he saw? Shouldn't we at least go up and have a look?" Lisa's words reawoke Severfield's curiosity and after some hurried preparations we started out to climb the cliff.

**O**UR FIRST OBJECTIVE WAS the sheer wall rising two hundred feet vertically to the ledge from which Jamie had fallen. He had gone up ahead of us to punch holes in the face of the rock in order to make it easier for the rest of us to follow. And now, with ropes tied to our waists, we made the slow, precarious ascent, which was complicated all the more by a swift wind and a wet snow that stung our faces as it landed. "The monsoon, he is in the air," Orano said behind me. A chill ran through my body at his words. The monsoon is death to climbers if it catches them high up in the mountains, but it seemed to me too early in the month for the storms to begin. "Keep that kind of talk to yourself!" I said sternly to Orano, for I had the feeling he was trying to worry us. We moved steadily, silently up the steep wall, then suddenly death once again joined our group.

Trailing last on the rope, Dr. Severfield lost his footing and went hurtling out over the precipice. For a moment, it seemed certain that the doctor's enormous weight would drag all of us down with him. He would, too, if I couldn't swing him back into the wall so that he could grab a foot-

continued on page 50

# THE MANY SIDES OF MARIE STINGER

For a taste of honey without getting stung, we suggest Marie Stinger—a girl who likes things sweet. Sweet music, sweet talk, sweet desserts. Worried about that voluptuous body? Not Marie. An hour or so of her own sensational brand of Twisting keeps her in beautiful shape.



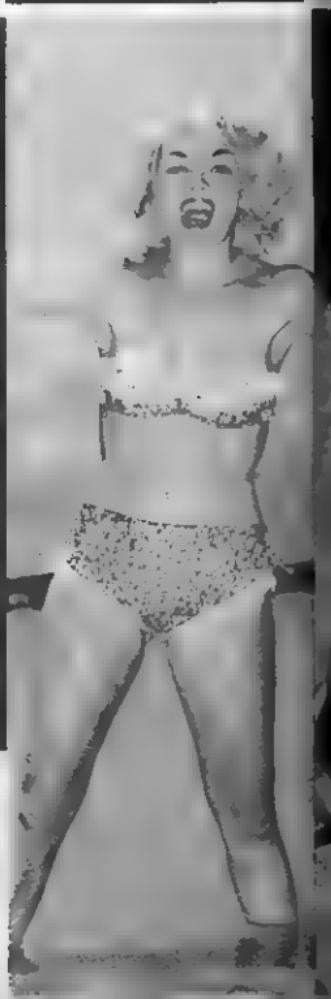


**Marie** is a girl of many talents. New friends are always surprised when they learn that she is as adept in an apron as she is in a bikini—and very few gals can top Marie when it comes to baking a chocolate layer-cake.



**Marie** is always on the go, go, go. A real live-wire, who likes swimming, tennis, dancing, and, of course, men. Especially men who like chocolate layer cake.

**Indoors or out, Marie's fun to be with—and when you're with her, you're in for a good time—if you can keep up with her.**



A popular girl, with many friends and admirers, she attributes it all to her outgoing personality. She hopes to be a great success in pictures, and from here it looks like she's a cinch. But Marie isn't actually losing any sleep over it. She shrugs her shoulders and leaves things up to fate. Che sera, sara, as the Italians say.



Living life to the hilt is Marie's goal. She has fun whatever she does. No pride, she enjoys a few sociable drinks with an interesting companion. Her preference in beverages? Stingers, naturally!



# RECKLESS IN A BLUE BIKINI

By RALPH WHORLE as told to JIM MILLER

**E**ditor's Note. Jim Miller is a free-lance crime reporter who roams the country in search of exciting and off-beat stories. His by-line has appeared in many of the major newspapers and magazines across the United States. Miller obtained this exclusive, first-person account from Ralph Whorle while interviewing a number of young, male prisoners in Florida prisons and detention homes.

**T**HEY BROUGHT US DOWN to the morgue and forced us to look at Betty's body.

I didn't want to. I tried to lower my head, but one of the cops noticed and twisted my wrist until I raised it again. "Keep your eyes straight ahead," he said, contempt cutting through his voice like the edge of a razor blade. "You're supposed to be a tough guy. Take a good look at your work."

I felt sick. A retching wave of nausea rose from the pit of my stomach and I had to fight like hell to keep from throwing up. I was tough, all right, but I couldn't take anything like this.

Betty Tomkins' loveliness was a thing of the past. Her hair looked like a matted mass of coarse sea-weed. Her flesh was bloated and her skin had turned fish-white from the ocean. But this wasn't the worst of it.

They yanked back the sheet. Great hanks of her skin and flesh had been ripped away by sharks or barracuda, exposing her bones and raw organs. There were two gaping holes where her eyes once were. Her neck had been almost bitten through.

The linoleum floor seemed to heave and sway beneath my feet. I felt faint. The cop jerked me around and led me away from the cold slab where Betty was lying.

I glanced over to see how Dot Renner was taking it. The blonde had grown slightly pale under her bronzed skin. But other than that, there was no reaction. She stared at the corpse as hard-eyed and tough as if she were looking at a slightly spoiled pizza pie.

She turned her head and for a few seconds our eyes met and locked. We didn't speak. We had nothing to say to each other, now. Anything that had been between us was over and done with—killed by the dead girl in the morgue.

Later, back in my cell, I had lots of time to think things over and remember how I'd come to meet Dot in the first place.

**I**T ALL BEGAN, I suppose, when we decided to come down to this little Florida resort town. There were four of us. We were all going to the same college, and we figured this would be a great place to have a ball during spring vacation.

There were a lot of guys and girls there from different colleges. Mostly, they came to listen to jazz, get themselves a suntan and maybe have themselves a romance. But I wanted something more than that. I wanted kicks; I wanted action.

I don't know what my three buddies really wanted, and I didn't question them to find out. I was the leader of the crowd and they followed me.

I was older than the others and had been around a hell of a lot more. Before I went off to college, I'd had several years in the merchant marine and had also worked on the waterfront of both New York and San Francisco. I wanted company on my trip south, and I told the others that if they stuck with me I'd show them the kind of time they'd never had before.

**W**E WEREN'T THERE A DAY before Mike, Dave and Freddie had found themselves three girls from a neat-by girls' college. I was still holding off, though. I wanted something more, this trip, than a clean-cut all-American dame. I found what I was looking for on my third day there.

She was wearing a small blue bikini which left everything but the barest continued on page 54

*As the drumbeats grew louder, he took the full-bosomed girl in his arms and pulled her close to him.*



This was to be a party to end all parties—and, for one of them, it was going to turn out just that way.



"Well, you have all the pets you want, now  
I want one of my own."



## GALS and PETS

Vic  
Martin



"Sure, I knew you're  
just admiring her dog!"



"Have him back no later than 3:30!"



"Your dog is suffering from lack of love . . . our rehabilitation program starts with the owners."



# MY 9 NIGHTS OF NAKED TERROR

By AL BRISCOE

**E**ditor's Note: For reasons which become apparent as you read this weird confession, the name of Al Briscoe is fictitious. However, a check of the San Francisco newspapers titbits revealed the theft of a \$34,000 payroll, and the subsequent death of Adele Burcholz, proving the authenticity of Mr. Briscoe's account.

**M**Y FUTURE WAS IN my mitt—34 Ga in all denominations, which would make all my dreams come true. A place in the sun down Mexico-way, with all the cares and cobwebs wiped clean forever from

*She felt the hot sting of the bullet entering her flesh, and heard the ...*

my mind. Yeah, in that little black bag was my one-way ticket from Mulcahy Street to Easy Street. The loan office on the 12th floor had been easy pickings after my careful casing. But that was all behind me. And so were the cops.

Earlier in the day, posing as a maintenance man to gain access, I'd cut the burglar alarm in the window. I'd just finished my heist when the night watchman whipped in to spot my gaping puss in the beam of his flashlight. I hurdled. (Continued on next page)



To be the only man in a harem of beautiful and willing women is something most men dream about, and, in this case, the dream came true—but the demands of the passionate playthings turned the dream into a nightmare.



"This is just going to be a sample of what you'll get," the girl sneered, "if you try talking to the cops."

the sill out onto the fire escape, scurried down the steps. By the time I dropped into the courtyard, squad cars were waking up the neighborhood. I scaled the back fence, came out on Eldorado Street when a flashing beacon pinpointed me. I wasn't going to play hare and hounds on these San Francisco hills. I ducked back into the alley, zigzagged through a crazy-quilt of courtyards. A shrill cop's whistle calling the rest of the pack to converge on the victim sent me clambering up a fire escape ladder. A second story window was open. Warily, noiselessly, I slipped inside.

The room was dark, except for the mottling of the moon, and empty. The bed looked inviting enough to rest in until the cops jammed. I threw off my jacket, kicked off my shoes and lowered my sweaty body to the crisp, cool sheets. The chase had tired me. I closed my eyes and fell asleep. I was dreaming of a soft, perfumed girl with lustrous eyes and luminous lips lying there beside me. She kissed me, and her long black hair brushed my face, tickling me. I smiled and playfully pushed her away, and then I heard her voice, pitched with passion and teasing:

"What's the matter, honey? Don't you like it?"

It was so clear, it was almost real. I hated to open my eyes, afraid that the dream would disappear, but I did. And it wasn't a dream—it was real! Stark, gorgeous reality lying there in a transparent nightgown with ribbons that were made to be untied...

I WOKE UP TO the bright sun scorching me like a hot poker. And then suddenly I remembered—

ed what had happened during the night. Had it been a dream or . . . I didn't have to wonder any more. The nudge concaved into the pillow alongside mine was proof enough! But who was this mysterious love-mate of mine? And where was she now?

As if in answer, the door swung open. She stood framed in it, a negligee carelessly tossed over her elegant shoulders, pointing a crimson-tipped finger at me. "That's him; that's the one!" she cried.

I bolted to a sitting position, ready to make a break for it. She'd blown the whistle on me. It was the cops! But it wasn't. A woman pushed herself past the girl and strode into the room. She had a strong, angular face, crowned with coils of platinum hair and a heavy bosom that tapered down into a body knotted with muscles. She looked like a female wrestler, with a voice to match.

"What are you doing here? How did you get in? Who are you?" she snapped, each word cracking like a bone. She didn't wait for an answer. "Get your clothes on, and beat it! If that's your black bag, don't forget it. You're not welcome here!"

"I thought you'd sent him up here to my room," the girl said.

I swung my legs off the bed and said to the big-beamed broad. "I've been thrown out of better joints than this, but . . ." I winked at the girl and threw her a five-buck smile. "Thanks for the buggy ride, sweetheart!"

The doll sniffed and was prodded out of the room by her giant girl friend. I doused my face with cold water from the tap, rolled the wrinkles out of my clothes, scooped up my satchel of loot,

then casually went out—down a flight of steps to the foyer on the first floor. I felt confident now; morning had cleared the air of the risk of arrest. And then my cheerless hostess barged out between the double doors. She was all smiles, like a suburban housewife at a flower show.

"Do forgive me, please," she said. "I know I was rude, but I was upset. Can't I make it up to you by asking you to stay to breakfast? I'm sure you'll enjoy the company inside."

HOW WAS I TO know it was like the spider asking the fly to come into her parlor? I followed her through the double doors and suddenly my feet rooted to the spot. There was my passion playmate of last night seated at a long table with a dozen other delectable dishes—blondes, redheads, brunettes in pajamas, nightgowns, bikinis, bathing suits, eating, smoking, talking, laughing. They eyed me curiously as I sat down, and Madam, hovering like a mother hen over her chicks, moved among them pouring coffee.

"Isn't it nice, girls?" she said. "We never see a man so early in the day."

What was this—a sorority house, a girls' club, a boarding house? Whatever it was, it had a lot of possibilities, and I meant to explore every one of them. It turned out to be the most exciting day of my life. I had my pick of the crop, and then the one after that, and the one after in a ceaseless round-robin of love rendezvous. Madam made sure I had all the comforts of home, and what a house it was! She ran a hot tub for me, had two of the girls massage my aching muscles, had my clothes whisked away to be pressed. I was head-man of this harem, at least so I thought, until circumstances pulled me up sharply and the rose-colored glasses through which I was enjoying this world of passion, shattered.

I HADN'T PAID ANY attention to the frequent ringing of the front doorbell that night or the male voices that floated up to my room. I was busy with my own affairs. Somewhere in the early hours of morning, I fell into a deep, exhausted sleep. When I woke up around noon, I decided that the sun-baked plazas of Mexico couldn't wait any longer. In

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# PEGGY RAY

Like the naked Aphrodite rising, dewy-skinned, up from the waves comes Peggy Ray, a gal with a knock for fun in the sun. Peg is a real beach fun, likes to romp on the golden sands. She's the girl who's been missing from your beach blanket, the one you need to rub suntan oil on your neck. She's a good swimmer, and one of the few girls who gets her bathing-suit wet.



Peggy's passion for sun-worshipping doesn't mean that she'd object to a little moonlight exposure—but not with just any guy. It has to be Mr. Right, or no one.



Rolling in the surf keeps Peg cool and relaxed after a hot day's posing before the cameras. Easy-going and vivacious, she is wild about all sports—outdoors and in. Her big ambition in life, besides modelling, is to cultivate an all-over tan. A sunny disposition and her willingness to go along with almost anything makes her the perfect candidate for the desert-island-with-you bit!



# HOW DO YOU RATE AS A LOVER? TAKE THE LOVE TEST

Find out if you're really the Don Juan you think you are.

By DR. ORVILLE STRATTON



The girl in your arms may be willing, but are you able?

NOT SO LONG AGO, a young man came to my office. He was tall, handsome and had the muscular build of an athlete—in short, he looked like a movie star, the sort of man most healthy girls would love to get their hands on. But the story he told me proved just the opposite.

True enough, he had no trouble meeting girls, dating them, and usually, to put it bluntly, persuading them to engage in love affairs. Nor was he physically incapable of giving a woman the pleasure and satisfaction she requires in her relations with a lover. His troubles invariably started a few days after they had become intimate with him. Every one of the girls he had known became quarrelsome after a few days, started bickering, began flirting with other, often older men, and soon left him. He didn't know what to do. "I don't understand it, doctor," he said, "there isn't anything these guys could do that I couldn't do as well or better. And older men! I just don't get it."

The young man's dilemma was far from unusual. Most men, particularly young men, are convinced they are nature's gift to women, but statistics prove otherwise. Six out of ten married women are dissatisfied with their husbands as lovers. Eight out of ten unmarried girls who have had affairs report that the arrangement was highly ungratifying. Half of them say that they got no satisfaction whatsoever out of their sexual liaisons and complain that the men just didn't understand them and their needs, not as individuals so much, but as females of the human species.

Although readers of this magazine probably know more about women than the average American male, these statistics would indicate that, even so, more than half of them—perhaps you yourself—don't know as much about women as they should and are not the expert lovers that they think they are.

So, before reading any farther, why don't you take the love test. Answer the questions honestly and then



Women, (we've been told), like men who are sure of themselves who take command of situations and know what they are doing. Do you fall into that category?

count up your score. Later we'll see where you might have gone wrong.

#### LOVE TEST

##### Part I

Count 3 points when the answer is "always," 2 when it is "usually," 1 when it is "only rarely" and give yourself no points when the answer is "never."

- 1) Do you bring her flowers and other little gifts?
- 2) Do you remember her birthday and your private, sentimental anniversaries?
- 3) Are you a gentleman—do you light her cigarette, help her with her coat, open doors for her, etc.?
- 4) Do you listen to her with interest when she has something to tell you?
- 5) Do you compliment her on her clothes, notice her new hairdo?
- 6) Do you make sure that you are always clean, neat and well-groomed in her company?
- 7) Are you always well-shaven when you kiss her?
- 8) Are you completely free and uninhibited when you make love (or are you ashamed of your body)?
- 9) Do you recognize and respect the fact that most women need more time and emotional and physical preparation to become passionate than the average man? Do you give her that time (or are you greedily impatient in your love play)?
- 10) When she is still aroused, but you are tired, do you make an effort to comply with her desires?
- 11) Are you willing to go along when she feels like engaging in love experimentation?
- 12) Do you tell her your deep, inner-most secrets?
- 13) Do you respect her wishes when she does not want to—or is unable—to make love?
- 14) Can she be sure that you will live up to your responsibilities if your relationship results in complications?
- 15) If she is not your wife, do you make sure that no possible gossip (Continued on next page)



Does she cling to you, tell you that you're the only man in the world for her? If she doesn't, do you know why?

## If you hate her setting out of your hand—your hand—Part I

about your relationship can

16) Do you find yourself within the range of normal, especially love-making?  
 17) Do you make love to her at least once a week and more interested in things you know she is interested in making love  
 18) Do you start conversations that are not about her or her friends?  
 19) Are you nice to her friends including male friends?  
 20) Do you make love to her out and how often a good time (or are you  
 21) Do you dress and act the way you like you do?  
 22) Do you use polite language in her company?  
 23) Do you promise in keeping your dates with her?

Score I . . . . .

Part II

Count 70 points for "always" to "never", 40 points for "only rarely", zero points for "never".  
 1) Do you make love to her even though she is not enough to drive him wild with desire?  
 2) Do you make love to her even though she is not enough to drive him wild with desire?  
 3) Do you make love to her even though she is not enough to drive him wild with desire?  
 4) Do you make love to her even though she is not enough to drive him wild with desire?  
 5) Do you make love to her even though she is not enough to drive him wild with desire?  
 6) Do you make love to her even though she is not enough to drive him wild with desire?  
 7) Do you make love to her even though she is not enough to drive him wild with desire?  
 8) Do you make love to her even though she is not enough to drive him wild with desire?  
 9) Do you make love to her even though she is not enough to drive him wild with desire?  
 10) Do you make love to her even though she is not enough to drive him wild with desire?  
 11) Do you make love to her even though she is not enough to drive him wild with desire?  
 12) Do you make love to her even though she is not enough to drive him wild with desire?  
 13) Do you make love to her even though she is not enough to drive him wild with desire?  
 14) Do you make love to her even though she is not enough to drive him wild with desire?  
 15) Do you make love to her even though she is not enough to drive him wild with desire?

Score III . . . . .  
 Add your points and note them here.  
 1) Do you drink so much that you are unable to leave the room?  
 2) Do you feel it necessary to leave the room to leave the room?  
 3) Do you drink so much that you are unable to leave the room?  
 4) Do you drink so much that you are unable to leave the room?  
 5) Do you drink so much that you are unable to leave the room?  
 6) Do you drink so much that you are unable to leave the room?  
 7) Do you drink so much that you are unable to leave the room?  
 8) Do you drink so much that you are unable to leave the room?  
 9) Do you drink so much that you are unable to leave the room?  
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 13) Do you drink so much that you are unable to leave the room?  
 14) Do you drink so much that you are unable to leave the room?  
 15) Do you drink so much that you are unable to leave the room?  
 16) Do you drink so much that you are unable to leave the room?  
 17) Do you drink so much that you are unable to leave the room?  
 18) Do you drink so much that you are unable to leave the room?  
 19) Do you drink so much that you are unable to leave the room?  
 20) Do you drink so much that you are unable to leave the room?  
 21) Do you drink so much that you are unable to leave the room?  
 22) Do you drink so much that you are unable to leave the room?  
 23) Do you drink so much that you are unable to leave the room?

Score IV . . . . .  
 Add your points and note them here.  
 1) Are you nice to her friends?  
 2) Do you dress and act the way you like you do?  
 3) Do you make love to her as a "charmer" and your rate is a "charmer" for an adult individual in her own right, like little "woman" (or as friends about her)?  
 4) Are you jealous and bitter about her boyfriend and better about your job, business or other work when you are with her, are you better when you are together?  
 5) Do you leave her boyfriend before him to pay her own debts?  
 6) With other men from大陸  
 7) Do you leave her boyfriend  
 8) Does she have to pay her own debts?  
 9) When you are with her, are you better when you are together?  
 10) Do you think that the drunks even when she does not feel like it?  
 11) Are you interested in her com-  
 12) Please even when she is tired and wants to rest?  
 13) Are you interested in her com-  
 14) Are you interested in her com-  
 15) Do you leave her boyfriend  
 16) Do you stop her from大陆  
 17) Do you leave her boyfriend  
 18) Does she have to pay her own debts?  
 19) Do you leave her boyfriend  
 20) Do you leave her boyfriend  
 21) Do you dress and act the way you like you do?  
 22) Do you use polite language in her company?  
 23) Do you promise in keeping your dates with her?

Score V . . . . .  
 Add your points and note them here.



Do you treat your woman as if she's the only one in the world? Are you sure enough of yourself not to get jealous if your gal goes out with another man? If the answers are yes, you are a lover.

is willing or seems to be. Then, if you are like most men, you'll start making your biggest mistakes.

After a few dates of kissing and mild-to-medium necking when the situation seems to be ripe—or for that matter on the night of the honeymoon—most men (actually 76 per cent, according to statistics) engage in the preliminaries only until there is no further resistance.

This is a big error. When love play has reached that point, the girl may be willing to take you as her lover but she is not yet ready to truly enjoy it. Most women, particularly young women with relatively little sexual experience, need love-making of increasing intensity for up to one hour before they are as excited as you were just seeing her in that clinging, transparent negligee. This takes patience, self-control and a thorough understanding of the female nervous system. (There are any number of popular medical works that can enlighten you on the subject of erogenous zones, the areas of sexual desire; women have a lot more of these than most men think, and not always in the most obvious places either.)

**BUT EVEN THAT IS** not enough. Women are just as concerned about what happens after making love as about what happened before or during. It takes her a lot

longer to simmer down. So, again, great lovers have always been experts also at what is known as "after-play" which, essentially, is pretty much the same as the buildup except that it is even more gentle and should lessen in intensity, and the more affectionate and sentimental it is the better women like it. After-play accomplishes two important goals: not only does it gratify the woman physically but it also assures her emotionally that her lover still loves her, and loves her even more, now that he has "had his way" and enjoyed her intimacy.

History's great lovers, like Don Juan who had some 300 adoring mistresses and more than twice as many brief affairs, have devoted pages in their memoirs to the pleasure they gave their women by handling them properly before and after and of the joys these happy women gave them in return.

But no matter how successfully you may have handled the girl of your love affair, you still do not rate as a lover if you can't keep her happy and eating out of your hand.

**I**T GOES WITHOUT SAYING that each succeeding sexual contact should be approached with the same care, consideration and concentration as the first; this gets easier too as time goes on because

men learn quickly enough that their own joy is greater when they work at satisfying the girl instead of themselves. But that isn't enough either. There is more to life than bed and sex.

For one thing, high-rating lovers share other experiences with their wives and sweethearts: they go to shows together and to ballgames, to parties, dances, restaurants. And at all these occasions, great lovers treat their women as if there were no other women in the world. But at the same time they don't mind if their women talk to other men or dance with them. They are so sure of themselves they don't have to be jealous. They know that they are "number one."

And lastly, great lovers may write memoirs but they never talk about their loves. They know what happens between lovers is nobody else's business, and that women particularly are convinced that this joy is best when it is not shared in idle conversation.

**W**ELL, YOU HAVE TAKEN the love test. Take it again after putting into the action these simple rules, and you'll find that your score will soar. There may be just one little problem: better be sure you really love the girl because she'll never let you go. That's one difficulty the great lovers have had since the dawn of history. ••

THE

# HEADCHOPPER OF EL MAKDECH

By TONY BOROGON

**Editor's Note:** Anthony Borogon, an American citizen by birth, has lived and worked a good part of his life in North Africa. Being able to speak a good many of the native dialects as well as being dark-completed, he has often been mistaken for an Arab. During World War II he worked behind Rommel's lines for the British and American forces. . . .

**Y**OU COULD BARELY HEAR the water lapping against the rubber hull of our boat and the oars as they dipped into the water. Behind us the sub was moving out. It had brought us here, and now it was going back to the safety of the darkness of the night and the water below. Ahead of us lay the sandy beach, just a couple of miles north of El Makdech. We were coming in from the Mediterranean and landing on the coast of North Africa behind the lines of Rommel's Afrika Korps.

I looked ahead, into the hills that rose gently behind the sandy shore. There was no sign of the winking signal yet that we were supposed to get from our Arab friend. For a moment I had a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. What if the sub had navigated wrong—and dropped us off at the wrong point and there was no friend waiting on shore to meet us?

For a brief moment I speculated on the fates of my friends in the rubber boat with me. None of them could pass for an Arab as I could. On the other paddle was sandy-haired, blue-eyed Bill Hammock, in a commando uniform as I was. Lean, with the deadly grace of a whip, he was capable of inflicting swift and awful death. The other two occupants of the boat were both women. They were both in their early twenties, nicely shaped, with neat featured faces. We knew them as Maria and Alicia. They were trilingual, speaking French, English, and German fluently. They were tight-lipped females, had kept much to themselves aboard the sub, and we knew little of their backgrounds. Only that they were as hard as nails and quite capable of performing the dangerous mission on which we were taking them.

And that dangerous mission was simply this: to make our way into El Makdech where the Afrika Korps had one of its lower echelon headquarters and a military hospital. In that hospital was a British staff officer who had been wounded and taken prisoner in battle. That was General Craig Osten—in whose brain was locked some of Montgomery's most secret plans for his attack on the Afrika Korps in the final drive to link up with Eisenhower. Both Alicia and Maria had German nurse uniforms with them. Their job was to gain entry to the hospital to which we were to take them. They were to find General Osten and either arrange to rescue him or to kill him and seal his lips from the Germans who as yet did not know what kind of a prize they had captured.

**F**OR THE MOMENT I forgot my friends in the boat with me. I concentrated on the dark shore ahead, peering intently for the winking light that would let me know my Arab friend was waiting for me. And then, suddenly, came the blow that revealed we had been betrayed by the Arab who was supposed to meet us and guide us into the town.

A hail of Schmeisser automatic fire ripped out across the yards that separated us from the shore. It chopped into the water all around us, seeking out our bodies and the thin rubber skin of the boat. A dozen slugs cut into the rubber boat and she started to deflate almost immediately.

We founded in the surf. The boat went under, weighed down by our automatic arms, grenades, and plastic explosives. We found ourselves stumbling in waist-deep water, struggling to maintain our footing. There was nothing we could do but continue on into shore, soaked to the skin, without arms, defenseless, like lambs led to the slaughter.

We stumbled into shore. The Germans and the Arab were waiting for us. The Germans took us with big grins on their faces. (Continued on next page)

Deprived of food and water, tortured almost to the point of madness, the women still withheld the information the enemy wanted—even the fearsome threat of the headsman's axe couldn't make them talk.



"Kill me," the girl screamed. "Get it over with, only stop torturing me!"



"You will talk, or I will kill you," the Nazi yelled. "No matter how much I desire you, I'll kill you if you don't."

They pawed at the girls, taking their bundles from them and opening them up. Their German Army nurse uniforms spilled out on the sand.

"What are these for?" a feldwebel asked.

The girls shook their heads. They said nothing. This seemed to irritate the German non-com. A wicked light gleamed in his eye. He handed his Schmeisser pistol to one of his squad. He bowed mockingly to Maria and Alicia. "Permit me to show you the way," he said sarcastically.

**T**HE GERMAN WAS a big, heavy, clumsy man. He started the girls forward, then slipped behind Maria and stuck out his foot, tripping her, and sending her sprawling on the sand. The German leaped on her, crying out, "You were trying to escape!" The other Nazis laughed as his hands pawed at the soft curves of her body, clumsily seeking her out, tearing at her blouse, his big fat German lips sucking noisily in wet kisses at her mouth. Maria fought him desperately and silently, scratching and clawing at him.

Bill Hammock, my English friend, could take the unequal struggle no longer. He suddenly lunged at the German. He got two steps when he was suddenly clubbed over the back of the head by one of the Germans. He was knocked sprawling, the blood from his head wound seeping into the

and lashed out. I caught the German in the grom. He grunted and pitched backward, his knees striking against the tailgate. His momentum kept him going, and his arms waved frantically. He pitched out over the tailgate, somersaulted in the air, and came down with a thud on his head. He was soon lost to sight to us.

**N**OW WE COULD DO something about our plight. We started working the ropes against the jagged metal that held the sideboards of the truck. In a few minutes we had the rope frayed enough to break it by putting pressure against it. We got our hands free and then untied the rope around our ankles.

I picked up the Schmeisser automatic and poked it through the cab window against the back of the head of the German who was driving the truck. The truck ground to a halt. We got down and pulled the German and the Arab out of the cab. We tied the German hand and foot and then jammed him down on the floor of the cab.

We took the Arab out into the desert. Hammock took a razor sharp knife out of the folds of the Arab's garment and put the blade of the knife against the Arab's throat.

"Where were the girls taken?"

"To the white building." The Arab spoke rapidly. "At the edge of town. Next door to the hospital. The hospital is the biggest building in the town of Mak-dech."

Hammock gently sawed through the Arab's neck and his jugular vein and then jumped back out of the way as the blood spurted forth. The Arab sank down on his knees and begged us to make the flow stop. We watched him die and pitch over on his side. "Thus to traitors," Hammock said. We turned our backs and dogtrotted back to the truck.

**W**E WERE EQUIPPED with a Schmeisser now. We turned the truck around and drove back to the beach. We waded out to our sunken rubber boat and salvaged our plastic explosives and grenades. We decided to leave our automatic weapons in the water, since the water might have gotten into the ammo or the sand fouled the mechanisms. We would rely on the Schmeissers. And the plastic explosive would go off even

under water.

We stripped the German down to his underwear, tied him up, and left him in a cave. Hammock put on the Nazi's uniform and we got back into the truck and headed for town. The Englishman was driving.

As we approached the town I got down on the floor, ducking under the dashboard, and we rolled through the road block there with no trouble. We spotted the hospital building and then turned in at the house next door where the Arab had said the girls were taken for interrogation.

I slipped out my side of the cab as the German sentry came up to question the driver, Bill Hammock. "Show me your papers," he growled. Hammock sat there stonily, looking straight ahead as if he had not heard. The sentry got angry. "Can you not hear?" he bellowed in guttural German in a voice loud enough to wake the dead.

I came up behind the sentry. He was wearing the soft cap of the Afrika Korps. I turned my Schmeisser end to, and brought it crashing down. Its wire butt drove into the German's skull. The force of the blow dropped the sentry right down to his knees and he swayed there on the ground. Tears began to roll silently from his eyes. I had trouble wrenching the Schmeisser handgrip out of his hand. But it came finally, and the sentry went over on his back. He was dead by the time he stretched out.

**WE TURNED THE TRUCK** around to face the entrance. We debated whether to leave it with the motor running or not, and finally decided against it. We didn't know if we might run short of gasoline or not. The best we could do was keep ourselves from getting blocked off in the driveway by leaving the truck there, almost out of the yard.

We dragged the dead German sentry into the bushes at the side of the house. Then we started around the house. Finally we spotted a light coming through a blanket covering a cellar window. We crept up close and heard a girl's cry of agonized pain. We broke out into a cold sweat. We had recognized Maria's voice.

**WE STARTED TO GO** around the back of the house in search of the entrance there. And then we

froze. We heard somebody whistling an off-tune version of *Lili Marlene*. Then we spotted him—the sentry—a few yards away from the rear door, buttoning up his trousers. He had left his gun leaning up against the wall of the house.

I moved in towards the door. We wanted to take the German quietly. He came walking back towards me and spotted me. "Who is it?" he asked. Then he saw my Schmeisser pointed square at his belly, and his hands started to move upwards. By this time, my English friend was in position behind him. His hand kept stiff as a board, Bill Hammock brought its edge down against the back of the German's neck in a slashing stroke. The German's neck broke. He was dead before he hit the ground.

We pulled the Nazi into the bushes and dumped him there. Then we sneaked across the yard and into the house. We felt our way along the wall in the darkness until we came to the cellar stairs opening. We started working our way down one step at a time. We found the cellar partitioned off into small cell-like rooms.

We moved quietly down a hallway towards the source of the sound we could hear, and then saw the light coming through the doorway. We moved in close, staying in the shadows, and then peered into the room.

**WE COULD SEE** a brown-skinned Arab, evidently a half-breed, the product of a mating between one of the Arabs and a Sudan black, who had gone over to the German side. He was some kind of witch doctor. His exact position locally we never learned. He had one of his hands buried in Maria's hair, twisting her head down sideways on a wooden meat-cutting block. In his other hand, he held a cleaver, and he was about to chop through her neck, beheading her.

Across the cell-like room was the Nazi General, Wolff, whom I recognized from his pictures. He had Alicia's arm twisted behind her back and was putting on pressure. Her clothes were torn and dishevelled, with her shoulders, neck and breasts covered with whip marks, black and blue from the pressure of torture instruc-

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## GEN. YAGISHI'S SECRET ARMY OF NAKED GEISHA GIRLS

(continued from page 25)

telligence, had left his post. Nobody saw him again after that in Tokyo." The colonel paused. "Frank," he said then, "we have reason to suspect that when Madam Lishi Takamoto takes off her kimono, she looks like a man, and that this man is General Yagishi."

I whistled.

"I'm letting word get out on the grapevine," the colonel said, "that Major Bancroft, an old connoisseur of geishas, is coming through San Francisco enroute to an intelligence command in Manila. I'm also leaking out that, in your head, you have all the defense plans for Corregidor. Let's see what happens. Have a good time."

I gave him a sour grin.

SURE ENOUGH, WHEN I got to Camp Stoneman, the San Francisco embarkation port, there was a letter waiting for me, and in the letter was an engraved invitation, extending my guest privileges at the Palace of the 1000 Pleasures, and a note saying that Madam Lishi Takamoto would welcome the chance to make me feel at home. I called up, and my date was arranged for the next evening. The girl on the phone even said that Madam Takamoto would be so honored by my presence that everything would be on the house.

And now I was in the Palace, surrounded by the lovely geishas who fussed over me, trying to make me comfortable in the best Oriental fashion, and I was keeping my eyes and ears open, finding comfort only in the pressure of the knife and pistol against my legs. So far I had not seen "Madam Takamoto" but I supposed she'd show up sooner or later. Meanwhile, the little Jap who had opened the door for me had told me that all the six geishas were mine to do with as I pleased, singly, in series or in tandem. It was going to be a real circus of the senses, in the best Samurai tradition, and when my strength and interest lagged, I would be refreshed with stimulating baths

and aphrodisiac food and drink. I couldn't help but hope that the colonel was wrong, that the palace was a legitimate house of joy, because when you're in a lush spot like that you like to concentrate on what comes naturally.

I LAY ON THE soft Japanese pillows, my head in the soft lap of one of the geishas while two others lounged at my sides, fed me fruit and caressed me, and the three others danced seductively until it was easy to forget what I was there for. They kept pressing me to shed the Samurai gown that they had substituted for my suit and to remove the rest of my clothing and take comfort with them, but I had to refuse this offer because then they would see my hidden weapons.

One of the dancing geishas, a tiny, perfectly proportioned brunette, suddenly clapped her hands, threw off her kimono, wiggled her little hips at me, and said that time was wasting, that I'd better take a "bath of the senses" to get in the spirit of things. The girls jumped up and pulled me up and pushed me, giggling, into the bathing room next door. Already the deep, sunken pool was filling with gentle soft water, and two of the geishas were dusting powder into the water, the traditional sense-stimulating powder of the "bath of the senses" which is reputed in Japanese ritual to give 90-year-old men the desires and powers of youth.

There was nothing for me to do but get it. I turned away, pretending bashfulness, and the girls laughed and clapped their hands, and I quickly untied the straps around my legs, and hid the pistol under the pile of my clothing, and faking a coughing spell, I slipped my tiny knife—it's blade safely sheathed in a metal frame from which it jumped at the pressure of a release pin—into the pouch of my right cheek, along my lower jaw. Only then did I turn, and still faking shyness, jumped quickly into the scented, warm water.



ONE GEISHA WAS ALREADY in the deep pool, waiting to massage me, and as she approached me I seemed to detect the look of terror behind her smiling mask. There was no doubt about it. This girl was scared. An alarm bell rang deep in my brain. My senses perked up.

The girl scrubbed me with a soft sponge while the other geishas stood around the pool, laughing and giggling and clapping their hands in the old geisha way.

The water was hot and making me drowsy. Its smell from the salts was sweet and lulling. I had difficulty keeping my senses at top pitch, remaining on guard for anything that might happen. I noticed vaguely that the water was getting hotter and hotter, and that the scented steam was rising more thickly. The water began to scald my skin. I shot a glance over to the spout which was beneath the surface in the slick tile wall of the pool and saw the steam rising and realized that only boiling water was being added. My brain was already numb from the sweet narcotic scents, and it slowly came to me that the geisha in the water with me was in terror

because she knew—she knew that she would be boiled alive with me.

I had to get out of this, a voice screamed inside me. Get out before it's too late.

I TOOK AWAY from the geisha who was sponging my shoulders and trying to hold me by wrapping her arms around me, and as if in slow motion I waded through the hot water and the steam toward the side so that I could chin myself out of this deadly broth.

My hands grabbed for the slippery tiles. A foot stepped on them and I lost my hold and slipped back into the water. I looked up. It was the man who had welcomed me and he was now standing over me, still smiling his mysterious Oriental smile, and every time I tried to reach for the tiles, his heavy sandals crushed my hands. They had spikes in their soles and my hands were bleeding. The water around my arms was turning pink. And from behind me, the geisha kept pulling, but she was weakening and I had no trouble shaking her off.

Just then, a man's voice spoke to me through the steam.

"Mr. Bancroft," the voice said. "We know all about you, but we do not know what is in your head. You will tell us the defense plans for Corregidor, or else you will be cooked."

"What's going on?" I yelled, still pretending ignorance, as I looked up and saw a fat, round man, dressed in a female kimono standing in the steam behind the geishas.

"You better talk quickly," the man said. There was no doubt that this was Madam Takamoto alias General Yagishi. The colonel had been right in his suspicions. But what the hell could I do about it? I was trapped. I didn't have a prayer. I was being melted down like the proverbial snowball in hell. "You better talk quickly," General Yagishi said, "for soon you will lose consciousness and you will be no good for anything."

"And if I do talk?" I yelled.

"Then my little love girls will pull you out and make you derelict with comfort until we take you to Japan."

"Japan?"

"Yes, Mr. Bancroft. I am afraid you will have to be prisoner until we have defeated your country.

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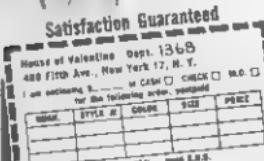
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Your honor, my three-day pass, I thought. But I was thinking slowly and sluggishly. The narcotic scents were getting into my brain; the hot and ever-hotter water was scalding my skin. I could only breath with great difficulty. I was a bundle of pain. I almost felt like talking, saying anything he wanted me to say, and I could well understand how some men might talk in this brain-wash spot. But even if I had wanted to talk, I had nothing to say. I didn't know anything about Corregidor. I was on an anti-spy mission. Mission. That word hit me. I had to do something. I just couldn't die like a cooked vegetable. Already the geisha was floating beside me in the hot water, semi-conscious, gurgling water, going under, her naked limbs lolling in the deadly soup.

I reached to my mouth, ejected the little knife into my hand and held it hidden in my fist. Then I reached up again for the tiles in what looked like a last desperate effort—and was. I reached with my left hand. Just as expected, the Jap servant stepped on it with his spiked sandal. But I pulled my hand out at the last moment, grabbed his ankle and pulled hard. As hard as I could. And at the same instant,

I pressed the release pin on my knife.

The Jap splashed into the water beside me, arms flailing. I raised my right hand and let it fall, pushing the knife blade into his neck, feeling it go in through the tendons and windpipe, and seeing his blood splash out in a bright red stream. He gurgled once, then sank, and hung limp in the water, curled up, his head hanging by a thread of flesh.

Step on the bastard, I thought, step on him the way he stepped on you. Of course, that was the answer. Almost in a trance, I raised my left leg and put it down on his back, and with a swing I pushed myself up on the tiles while the corpse went under beneath my weight. I scrambled on the tiles and almost slipped back as General Yagishi rushed at me.

I grabbed his leg and he slipped. He let out a yell as he fell into the water.

"Turn off the hot water," he yelled in Japanese at the geishas, and one was already running to the pipes whose valves controlled the inflow. I skidded after her on the wet tiles and knocked her out of the way. Feeling the searing pain on my burned skin, I slithered over to where my clothes lay, reached under the pile of garments and pulled out the pistol.

"Up with your hands," I yelled at the geishas, and I watched their naked breasts lift with their arms, but it meant nothing. I hated them now, these sex traps the Japs used on our fighting men. I kept them covered as I moved toward the door.

AT THAT MOMENT, BEEFY HANDS grabbed my legs from behind and I fell. The Jap general had climbed from the pool the same way I had, and he now had me in a judo hold that would break my leg in another second. I could feel my knee go. I lay on my belly, my gun arm under me. Slowly, as I felt my leg beginning to break, I squeezed my arm out from between the tiles and my chest, pointed it around my body in the Jap's direction. There was no time to aim. I pulled the trigger. The gun went off with a soft pop. There was another muffled explosion as the bullet whacked into the Jap's belly.

My legs were free. I twisted. I saw the Jap general standing over me, a huge hole torn in his big belly. Blood gushed from it, and his intestines hung out. He stumbled backward and fell back into the pool, beside the naked body of the dead geisha.

We found two men alive in the basement prison of the geisha house. They had talked and I won't give their names here. After what I'd been through I couldn't blame them. We also found the corpses of eight others buried in the soft loam under the house. Twenty-three Americans, altogether, had disappeared. We never found out what had happened to the others. General Yagishi was dead—and so were the geishas.

They had jumped after him into the deadly pool, and there was nothing I'd been able to do about it. You can't shoot people to stop them from killing themselves.

# THE NUDE GYPSY AND HER LIVING DEAD

Continued from page

gypsy wagon, he heard a soft girl's voice crooning a sweet, strange song. He found the tune irresistible and groped his way toward the sound. Suddenly, as he leaned against the wagon to steady himself against the spinning world of his alcohol fuddled brain, the rear door of the caravan flew open.

In the dim candle light inside, Jacques saw the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. What's more, she wasn't wearing any clothes.

The young woman sat on a chair in the center of the wagon, which was fixed up to resemble an old-fashioned living room. Her shapely legs were crossed, her arms were raised as she braided her thick, black hair, her pear-shaped breasts stood out sharply, and she smiled at Jacques as he stared at her, dumbfounded.

"Good evening," she said. She spoke with a melodious Romanesque gypsy accent. "What a lovely evening. Much too lovely to be alone."

Jacques did not answer. He was looking at her, drinking in her dark, unashamed loveliness.

"You are alone too, aren't you?" she asked.

Jacques nodded.

"Then why don't you come in?" she said, continuing to braid her hair and to smile. "Don't be bashful. Come in and close the door."

He stumbled up the caravan's rickety steps and banged the door shut behind him. Her dark eyes, framed by her lovely face, drew him on like magnets. When he stood over her, her round arms reached out to him, and her clever fingers loosened his neck tie and began to unbutton his shirt.

"I haven't any money to give you," Jacques mumbled as his French provincial's cautious nature sounded a last alarm.

Her hair tumbled over her soft, white shoulders as she shook her head. "It's not your money I am after," she said, and pulled him toward her. A few minutes later, on the soft Oriental cloth that covered the wagon's narrow bed, Jacques forgot all about the girl that had jilted him for a richer

man.

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, as the carnival people were beginning to dismantle the tents by the first light of dawn, a wrinkled, old gypsy woman, climbed into the trailer of the freak show owner. She was not alone. She was leading a creature that seemed to be more animal than man. The creature's hair was white, its watery eyes stared unseeing at the world, its hands shook and its body twitched. Spit dribbled from its parted lips as it gasped meaningless, wet sounds. Periodically, the creature bent over like a jackknife closing, and banged its head hard against its knees.

"I've brought you a geek," the gypsy woman screeched. "A most unusual, amusing geek, guaranteed to make all the drunks laugh when they visit your tent."

"How much do you want for him?" the manager asked.

"He's cheap," she said. "I'll let you have him for 50,000 francs. He is no use to me now," she giggled.

"That's too expensive for a geek. I'll give you 10,000."

They finally settled on 20,000, at the time the equivalent of about \$150. The gypsy woman greedily counted the greasy, old bills. The creature stood beside her, grunting pitifully. She cackled and blew him a kiss. The creature whined, doubled over and banged his head against his knees.

"Maybe he's hungry," the manager said. He pointed out the trailer door to a trough filled with mush to feed the donkeys that pulled his trailer. The geek creature tottered down the steps and over to the trough, falling like a sack twice along the way. When it reached the trough, it dunked its face into the mush and sucked with slobbering sounds. Suddenly the geek lost his balance and tumbled forward into the mush. It looked very comic.

The gypsy cackled and the freak show owner laughed heartily. He was very happy. He had made a good purchase. Geeks were always popular—humans who had no control over their nervous system, who could not talk, who made

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## The gypsy was doing something unspeakably terrible to him.

sudden, funny movements, who, without good reason, often rolled grunting on the ground. Geeks usually were men whose nervous systems had been destroyed by alcohol, but this one was too young for that, despite his white hair. Well, that was interesting for change, and the freak show owner was not concerned where the gypsy had obtained the creature. If he had known that, but a few hours earlier, the geek had been a healthy, if slightly drunk young man by the name of Jacques Darney, he could not have cared less.

**T**HIS DISAPPEARANCE OF Jacques Darney caused little excitement in Epinal. Young men often disappeared when they are jilted by their fiancées. Perhaps, his friends thought, he had gone off to fight in Algeria. Within a week, Jacques was forgotten by everyone except his parents.

The carnival had gone on to Nancy where the new geek was a big success. Nobody who watched his antics knew that Jacques was completely conscious of what he was doing but that he could not help it. The geek also remembered what had happened that night in the gypsy wagon, and when he thought of it, great tears rolled from his eyes and he slobbered; and the people who watched him thought he was very funny and they laughed.

What had happened was that, after sharing sweet love and a bottle of thick, strange gypsy wine, he had fallen asleep beside that lovely, generous girl, cuddling cozily against the warmth of her pale skin, and then he had half-awakened. The gypsy girl looked at him knowingly. "Come in," she said. "You are welcome."

ened, alone on the bed, in that alarming state of suspension between reality and dream.

He had thought his eyes were open, but he was not sure. He tried to move, but could not budge his heavy limbs. The gypsy, still nude but not so pretty now, was leaning over him, an expression of intense concentration on her face. In her right hand, she held a long, vicious needle.

She rolled him over on his stomach. He tried to resist, but could not. And then he felt painful pin pricks in his spine, sharp jabs administered after a careful probing of her fingers for the proper places. Jacques did not know enough, either about medical science or about old Hindu-Gypsy lore, to understand that the gypsy was methodically disrupting his central nervous system by breaking nerve contacts at important control centers. Following old tribal knowledge, passed on from generation to generation, she was reducing him from man to beast, rendering him forever and incurably incapable of controlling his actions beyond the bare minimum of animalistic survival. Furthermore, she was hurting him in such a way his hair turned white and that he would forever make those spastic movements that freak show audiences find funny in geeks. Jacques did not know any of this; he only knew that the gypsy was doing something unspeakably terrible to him.

When she was finished, she sponged off his blood, dressed him in rags and propped him, helpless, into the chair. He watched her as, with deft application of make-up,

and powder, she changed from a young woman into an ugly, old hag.

"You don't think it was worth it," she smiled, as she led him from the wagon. "Well, one has to pay for everything in life in one way or another, and you said yourself you didn't have any money."

Jacques grunted, rolled his eyes, slobbered, and knocked his head against his knees.

And the gypsy giggled.

**J**ACQUES DARNEY, WHO disappeared from Epinal on Sept. 20, 1958, was not the gypsy's first victim. Ever since 1949, young men had been disappearing from small towns all over Europe—in France, Germany, Belgium, Spain, Italy and Austria—and their disappearances were duly recorded in local police files and forgotten. The freak shows of Europe's many traveling carnivals, meanwhile, were well supplied with geeks of all varieties. There was a steady demand too, for geeks do not live very long: four, five years at the most.

But the fact that geeks were on the increase—especially that so many of them were young men, prematurely turned white—came to the attention of Serge Mersante, a handsome, hard-faced young officer in the Interpol (International Police Agency) smuggling division, who kept his eyes on carnivals because they often crossed international borders.

He became interested in this phenomenon, and since he could not convince any of his superiors that the subject was of importance, he pursued it in his spare time. Over the years he dug up all the facts he could on geeks; by applying a little pressure, he learned from freak show owners that many of the geeks had been purchased from gypsies; and he began to study gypsy movements and to chart them against geek sales and disappearances. He came up with some 37 interesting correlations: there was always a lone gypsy caravan, there was always a traveling carnival nearby, there was nearly always a new, white-haired geek.

Serge Mersante narrowed his search, keeping careful notes in his diary all the while, and on June 18, 1960, after obtaining a few days' leave from his office in Geneva, Switzerland, he went home, packed his bag and wrote: "I am going to Pavia in Italy where gypsies from all over the world are now holding a big tribal meeting.





terically.

Two men stepped around her and held her arms.

"You know what we want," the leader, an old man said. "We gypsies don't mind a little stealing. We cannot make a living the way normal people do. We are not permitted to. But we are simple people. We steal no more than we must to survive. But you, because of your greed, have been responsible for much misery, and even death, among our people."

"I won't do it again," she screeched. "I promise . . ."

The old man shook his head. "No," he said. "We have decided you must be punished. We gypsies do not believe in killing, but you are not fit to live as a human being."

"What are you going to do to me?" she asked, sobbing.

"You do not need to ask," the old man said. "You know."

One of the men ripped off her clothes as the others held her.

"Look at my body, all of you," she cried. "It is nice. It is soft. Use it as it should be used. But please . . ."

The men saw and touched her, but they paid no attention to the temptations she offered, and they touched her as men touch an evil, disgusting thing. They threw the girl on her bed, face down, and the old man, who was her father, had tears in his eyes as he bent over her, a long, vicious needle in his hand.

THE NEXT DAY, up at the little town of Bescia, Monasco's Traveling Shows bought another geek. An old, sad-looking gypsy delivered the creature. Ordinarily, a freak sideshow has use for no more than one geek at a time, but this one was most unusual; it was a girl with a lovely figure, and female geeks, especially sexy ones, are almost unheard of. The freak show man paid an extra high price, which, when added to the money Handra had under her mattress, was enough to help out the families who had lost their breadwinners in the recent police crackdown.

The female geek shrieked pitifully when she was thrown into a cage together with the other geek. When he saw her, he became terribly excited and started gnawing on his arms, biting deep and drawing much blood. Then they sank to the sawdust on the floor of the cage and stared stupidly at each other, slobbering and mewling.

• • •

## THE ABOOMINABLE SNOW-WOMAN OF MT. BADRINATH

continued from page 24

hold. I was at the top of the rope, with Lisa and then Orano and Severfield beneath me. Only if I could maintain my balance could I prevent the doctor's heavy weight from dragging us down with him. I pushed my feet into one of the holes which Jamie had cut into the rock and braced myself. I never felt so helpless in my life. "Try to swing back, doctor, or we're all lost!" I cried to him. But his body swung like a pendulum in the midst of space. And far below was sudden death—death such as Jamison had met with earlier. "Do something!" Lisa cried. She was becoming hysterical watching poor Severfield twisting helplessly, like a weathervane on a church steeple in a sharp wind. Suddenly, Orano moved into action. With his free hand, he pulled out the sharp Nepalese knife he always carried on him and, before either Lisa or I could cry out for him to stop, he slashed the rope which bound Severfield to the three of us. The doctor's cry, when he saw what Orano was doing, was lost in the wind. Then, with a sickening howl as he saw the rope part, he plummeted down, ricocheting from one jutting rock to another as he fell. Within moments, we saw him land with a stomach-turning thud in the snow a hundred feet below. From where we were clinging, we could see the grey matter ooze out of his skull and form a pool of crimson blood in the white snow. Lisa screamed, and she seemed so shaken by the sight, that I feared she would lose her footing, too, and carry us all to our death. I had to do something. She was close enough beneath me for me to take my free foot and step down hard on her shoulder with the heel of my boot. The sharp pain brought her to her senses. "Oh, Ernie," she cried, "Doc is dead." But we were still alive.

WHEN WE FINALLY REACHED the ledge at the top of the cliff, I wanted to throw Orano off it. Logically, he had done the

only thing possible when he cut Severfield loose. By doing so, he saved our lives; and yet somehow it didn't seem right to me. And then, when I looked closely into his face, I saw a sneering smile which made me want to kill him on the spot. He did not return my angry look, but began staring with wild, smiling eyes at Lisa. It wasn't hard to guess what was running through his mind.

"You pig!" I cried, and I would have broken his neck then and there had not Lisa suddenly shouted, "Stop it! Look over here! These footprints in the snow!"

Over to the right of the wide ledge, I saw the strange footprints to which she was pointing. Clearly visible was the imprint of five bare toes, and the foot which had made them could not have been any larger in size than Lisa's, so dainty and small was its mark.

Following the prints with my eyes, I saw that they went toward the other end of the ledge, some ten yards away, and that they were matched in their direction by another set of prints made by the heavy spiked boot of a climber. "Those must be Jamison's prints!" I cried. "Look how the two sets of prints come together near the edge—and yet only Jamison fell over. What could have made those other footprints? They look like the prints of a woman going barefoot," I said. But I was sure they were made by some kind of animal. It had to be, a human foot would freeze in a minute in this cold!

But then my thoughts were brought to an abrupt halt, for suddenly, Orano cried out, "It is the mark of the evil one! We are lost! But the white woman will be mine before I die!" Wild with fright, Orano drew his knife again and began to advance toward me. Even in his terror, he knew he would have to get rid of me before he could come near Lisa. But his sudden attack had caught me unawares. I had nothing to defend myself with, for any weap-



ons I had were in my pack standing near the ledge, where I had put it down before. I backed against the wall of rocks behind me and steeled myself to dodge his thrust, hoping that I could push him backwards over the precipice if he missed me. But Orano was too clever a knife-fighter for that. He didn't rush me. He jabbed at me, but I ducked. The next swipe of his blade severed the earlobe of my right ear and I winced in pain. Lisa screamed when she saw the blood gush down my neck.

"I cut you to pieces—slow," Orano hissed viciously, and he meant it. He slashed at me again, but I managed to keep out of range. "Ernie—catch!" Lisa cried, and suddenly the sharp spike of my piton was tossed into my hands. The fight was now evened.

Dodging his next swipe, I lunged into him with the point of the spike. It caught him full in the ribs, smashing them in like chicken bones. He howled in pain and fell to his knees, but I wasn't through with him yet. Using the sharp edge of the piton I slit open his right cheek, tearing away the skin. I watched with pleasure as the blood dripped down his agonized jowls. There was nothing he could do to fight back now, the pain had paralyzed him and I meant to make it even worse for him.

"I'm going to kill you!" I cried. I placed the point of the piton on the top of his skull, and just as I was about to jam it full into his brain, he cried out—"The evil one! It is all the evil one's doing!" Terror gave him strength. Somehow, he pulled himself off the ground and ran. I started to follow, but before I could move, I saw him trip on the ledge. He did not even scream as he fell over the edge.

I heard the thud of his body as it collided with the ground far below, but I did not even feel a twinge of pity. In the excitement of the fight, I had forgotten about my severed earlobe, but now that it was over I felt it burning as though someone had poured acid on it. Lisa rushed over to me and began ministering to the bleeding. She was skillful and despite the pain, the soft touch of her fingers reminded me of something else I wanted. I clutched her to me and this time, she didn't resist. I undid the zipper of her parka and ran my hands inside

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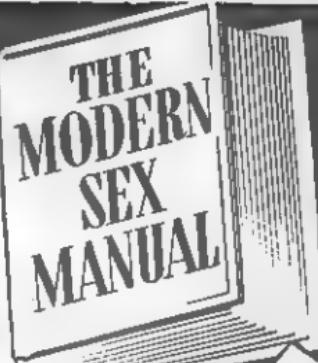


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## The booze we swallowed gave us a happy feeling.

about the four of us deciding to go south for the spring vacation, and somehow, before I was aware of it, she arranged for all of us to have a party the following night. She could get hold of some special cigarettes and we could all get high. "It's a better drunk than liquor," she said.

I grinned. I was hip. I'd been at Reefer parties before. Crazy things go on at these parties; people get out of themselves and become ten feet tall. Girls feel extra loving and every man becomes a Don Juan.

"Why not tonight?" I suggested. "Tonight, we make it alone."

I didn't get back to the hotel room that the four of us shared until the following morning. The guys asked me where I'd been. I'd found a girl, I told them, a really way-out girl. The one I'd come down here to find.

They asked when they could meet her and I said that night. "Get your babes and we'll have a beach party," I said. "Dot knows a deserted section of beach where no one will bother us. Get your gals and we'll have the wildest party you ever saw!"

The guys seemed to go for it. I asked them if their girls were swingers. They all looked a little nervous, but then they said they were. Even if they weren't, though, I knew they'd never admit that to me. No guy will admit his broad is tamer than the next man's.

I grinned to myself. I'd really had the jerks trained.

**T**HAT NIGHT WE met on the beach—Dot and I and the six of them. Dave and Freddie had brought along their surf-boards and Mike was carrying a bottle of blended whiskey. "Just to help the night along," he said.

I winked at Dot. I knew that the little packet of cigarettes she had in her beach bag were not any of the advertised brands. I said, "Fine," to Mike and told him that when we ran out of that, Dot and I would come up with something even better.

I looked over the three chicks. They were cute enough. Mike's girl, Betty Tomkins, was wearing a flashy red swim suit, while the other two had on two-piece outfits. They all seemed a little taken aback with Dot's fantastic figure and the brevity of her bikini.

We let the raw liquor slide down our gullets until we got a

happy feeling. We went in for a swim in the ocean and came back and drank some more.

Somewhat, Betty and I were left alone for a few minutes. We each took a sip of liquor and I put my arm around her waist and drew her to me. She didn't seem to mind.

As we separated I saw that the others had all come back.

Mike took a menacing step towards me, but I pulled away and raised my right hand in a gesture of peace and he stopped. Dot said something short and nasty to the girl who glared back at her.

I was feeling good about it. Dot was my woman, all right, but it didn't hurt to keep her off-balance, a little.

We had another drink and the booze was gone. That was when Dot reached for the reefers. She lit one and started passing it around. I inhaled deeply, the marijuana seemed to swirl inside my blood-stream and up inside my brain. It made me feel tremendous with strength and power—as though I could do anything in the world I ever thought of doing and nothing would or could happen to me.

I passed it on to Dave. He shuddered and forced himself to smoke it; so did Mike and Fred. They weren't going to seem chicken in front of me.

**T**HEN IT WAS the girls' turn, and Betty tried it first. She looked at the Reefer for a long time before placing it to her lips. Then she inhaled, sputtered, coughed and gagged before giving a little cry and stubbing the cigarette out viciously in the sand.

All of us stared at her blank eyed. She stood up, her chest heaving and her eyes blazing as though she'd just realized what she'd gotten herself into. She looked at Dot and me with disgust and told us off. We were animals, she said, decadent animals who were trying to run the lives of six decent people.

I shrugged at her. To me she was just a little broad who had started out for a little necking, booze and jazz and suddenly discovered that the world had more in it than she thought.

She was going home, she said, and if the other girls didn't come with her, she would report what we were doing to the police!

That did it. No dame was going to threaten alph Whorle and

get away with it!

I started to my feet, but Dot was quicker still. "You're not telling anybody anything," she said in a dangerous voice.

"Oh, no?" Betty started to leave, but Dot caught her by the hair and threw her to the ground.

Mike and the others started to break it up, but I held them back. Let the dames fight for a while, maybe we'd get to see a show.

The world was suddenly funny again. I was roaring with laughter and encouraged Dot, giving her more and more explicit advice.

But the two girls were going at it in dead earnest. They were rolling on the beach, clawing and punching at each other, trying to rub sand in each other's eyes. Dot got a knee in Betty's stomach. Betty managed to yank down the top of Dot's bikini and went after her where she was exposed.

Dot yowled in pain and rolled away. She got to her feet. Betty came after her, but Dot met her with a knee to the grom. Betty doubled up helplessly and sank to the ground.

But Dot was still furious. She leaned over the other girl, unzipped the red bathing suit and yanked it off her.

Betty was completely beaten. She lay huddled up, trying to hide herself and begging Dot to give her back the suit.

After a while I figured we'd seen enough and I made her do it. Betty pulled the suit back on and Dot rearranged her bra.

**B**UT DOT STILL WASN'T satisfied. "I don't think that dame has learned her lesson yet!" she said.

I stared hard at Betty. She was sitting on the sand, holding on to her swim suit as though she was afraid that it would be snatched from her again. I hated to admit it, but Dot did have a point. I wouldn't put it past this broad to call copper even now.

Dot suggested that perhaps we should show her what would happen if she ever did speak. We could tie her to one of the surfboards and take her out in the ocean.

Betty started crying and looked beseechingly at Mike.

"Leave her alone," he said. "You've done what you wanted to, now leave her alone."

I just laughed at him. He was not telling me what to do and he knew it.



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Mike raised his fists threateningly and came in at me. I leaned over, caught him in the middle with my shoulder and grabbed his wrist. As he went sailing over my shoulder, I held on to the arm I had until I heard the snap of broken bone.

Mike lay whimpering on the sand, nursing his broken arm.

I sneered at him. Big boy! Protector of women!

Betty got up suddenly and started to run away. I went after her and brought her down with a boot to the rear.

Dave and Fred started to protest. I asked them if they wanted what Mike got and they became very quiet all of a sudden. Their girls grabbed hold of them as though they all wanted to huddle together for safety.

I picked Betty up and tied her to the surf board. I told her that I wouldn't really hurt her, now. I just wanted to make sure that she'd never talk about tonight.

She screamed and tried to get away, but I back-handed her across the face and her struggles ceased.

Dot was egging me on. She told me to take the girl out deep, where the high breakers were. I laughed and promised that I would.

I carried the surf-board down to the edge of the water and shoved it in. Betty was pleading for me to stop, but I didn't listen to her. I took her out into deeper and deeper waters. A roller headed for us and I rode the surf-board in!

Betty was half drowned. She coughed and gagged out sea water. Her eyes were filled with panic.

One more time, I decided, feeling the power within me and exulting in it. One more time and she'd have learned her lesson—a lesson that she'd never forget.

I took her out again. She could not protest any more, she had no more strength to cry or even talk. Only her eyes showed fear and hatred.

The next wave was even bigger. I felt the surge of water under me as I rode it. It was breaking hard against me in a wild burst of white, swirling foam. I half-slipped off the board just as another pounded me in the stomach, knocking the breath from me. I was sucked down to the sandy bottom, and lost my grip on the board.

I caught sight of a flash of red bathing suit being pulled back out to sea by the powerful undertow. It was Betty. I swam after her. But then she was pulled down and I couldn't see her any more. I searched desperately, trying to find her. But I couldn't.

With the force of a hard crack across the face I realized I had just killed a girl!

**UNTIL THAT MOMENT**, nothing had seemed real. The liquor and the marijuana had combined to make everything that happened a kind of dream. But the dream was over now.

I don't know how long I stayed out in the ocean, hoping against hope that I'd find the girl. But when I finally did get back to shore, everyone was gone except Dot.

I stared at her. She seemed as calm and cool as ever.

We had to get away, I said. The cops would be looking for us and we had to go somewhere to hide.

She only laughed at me. Why did I include her in my plans? I was the one who had taken the girl out. And if they asked her, she would certainly tell them that it was my idea. As far as she was concerned, nothing had happened that was worth running away about.

All the frustration and horror I'd felt welled up as rage against Dot. I pulled back my fist and sent it crashing against her jaw. She dropped like a shot deer.

For a few moments I toyed with the idea of killing her, too. She had gotten me into this mess, supplied the reefer, egged me on to do what I'd done with Betty. And she was going to get away with it.

Then I realized it was really my own fault. I was the tough guy working my way through college. I had my future ahead of me, but I wanted kicks.

Well, I'd found them!

Suddenly, bright lights beamed in my eyes. The others had gone to the cops, and now the whole damned police department seemed to be after me.

There was nothing I could do, but go with them, quietly. I figured I could get away with a manslaughter plea and wondered, silently, how many years in jail that would be. One thing I was sure of: Nothing would ever be the same again.





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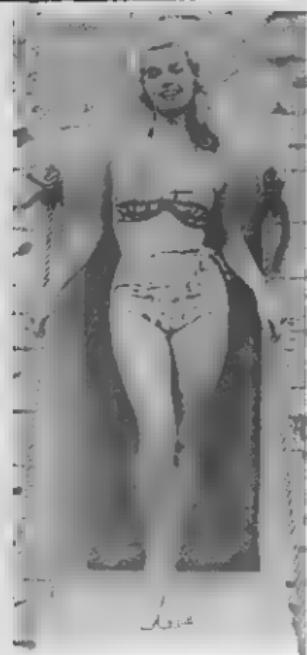
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lationship, but behind her back, they despised her. She flaunted her superiority, telling them what to do, with whom and when, raking in her profit from the top, and doling out the dough at the end of the week in a begrudging way as if she had earned it and they were entitled only to a small share.

So they took their vengeance on her out on me, her prized possession, fully aware that as they robbed me of my strength, I had less to offer Adele. They sneaked into my room at all hours of the day and night when Adele was out shopping, or lining up new customers, or making her usual payoff to the politicians' clubhouse. They were like vultures, sometimes swarming down at me one at a time, sometimes in a flock. They drained me, picked away at me until I was half-dead. And yet I couldn't hate them because of my own loathing for Adele for having robbed me and subjecting me to her own personal white slavery.

I REALIZED ONLY HER DEATH would free me. The thought shocked me at first, but the idea kept beating a tattoo in my head until I determined it had to be done. She had to die . . . had to die! Somehow, some way, I made up my mind, I had to kill her to call my soul and body mine again. Nine nights of stark, naked terror-filled hours had passed. How long could I continue under her insatiable assaults and the vengeful demands of the girls? There had to be a way to destroy that indestructible Amazon! After a cautious search, I learned there wasn't a weapon in the house, but maybe one of the customers was armed. I knew of a jewel merchant who carried a gun for self-protection, and during the week some of the headquarters brass dropped in for their cut and some pleasures on the cuff.

The night I decided Adele had to die, I had it made. The scrawny little gem dealer, who looked like a henpecked husband and harried father of a brood of kids, made his usual weekly visit. Luckily, he used the room next to mine. Through the wall, I listened to him and Lila until I had to turn away in embarrassment. He had come to spend the night, so I waited until I heard their rhythmic breathing, assuring me they were both asleep, before I

slipped into their room. I caught a glimpse of his small, bald head resting on her firm, round breasts. I had to smile—it reminded me of the three globes hanging outside a hockshop window. But under that smile, I was grim. My brain sizzled with one thought: get that gun! It was tucked inside a special pocket inside his jacket. When he noticed it was missing, I knew he wouldn't report because he'd have to explain where he'd lost it. It was a small .32, but it had a bullet as deadly as a larger caliber.

THE NEXT NIGHT WAS Sunday, usually quiet after a hectic Saturday. The girls took advantage of the lack of business by going out. Adele brought me my dinner on a tray. "You're looking very tired," she said with genuine concern. "Maybe you need some fresh air. One of these days, if you're especially nice to me, I'll take you out for a drive."

"You mean, I'll get some time off for good behavior?"

"Not if it's too good!" she cracked.

She walked to the door, unlocked it, turned to say goodbye. It was to be her last goodbye. I swung up the .32, triggered four blasts into her belly. My mind raced with the slugs, through her sequined dress, tearing into her tissue, smashing through her backbone. She tottered back from the doorway, clattered and crashed, spinning like a pinwheel down the flight of stairs until she thudded to a stop against the wall at the bottom of the landing.

She was dead, dead! And I was free, and I had to get my clothes, any clothes. I had to get out of this damned place! I ran down the hall to search for them while from below on the first floor, I heard two girls, attracted by the shots, run out of their rooms and scream at the sight of the bloody mess.

THE COPS PILED IN 10 minutes later. They took photos, asked questions, had the body taken away in the meat wagon. When the detective got to me, I was still wearing a robe over my pajamas. They thought I was a customer!

"The victim was shot at the top of the stairs by an unknown assailant standing at the bottom,"



My girl of last night not only came to see me again, she brought some friends along with her.

one of them explained. "The impact of the bullets sent her reeling backwards, where she fell and was discovered."

Something in my brain exploded like a giant firecracker. Was I going off my rocker? "But she fell down the stairs! I saw her myself!" I insisted.

"Yeah? How come we found the body up there, at the top of the landing?" asked the detective impatiently.

"Listen, I know what I'm talking about. And I'll tell you wise guys something else. Remember the 34 grand heist a short while ago? I'm the feller who pulled it."

Both of them laughed. "Listen, buster, too much loving's gone to your head. You better get dressed and beat it before you get into trouble," one of them said.

I should've realized I'd changed since pulling that caper. Adele and her stable of sex ponies had ridden me until I was a shadow of my former self. How could they have recognized me when I differed so vastly from the night watchman's description? But I knew I wasn't cracking enough to imagine I'd blasted that love-

starved witch and seen her body barreling down the stairs. Somebody had moved it upstairs? But who, and for what reason?

I STEWED IN THIS JUICY thought until the next night when Lila and Marcy came into my room. They were wearing their working clothes—Oriental pajamas, which could be unzipped in a flash. The queen was dead, but business was going on as usual. Marcy held up a tuxedo on a hanger. "We found your old suit in the cellar and had a tailor cut this to your measurements," she said. "Put it on."

"Why? Where am I going in that rig?" I asked.

"Downstairs, sweetie. Come on—Lila and I'll help you."

I let them dress me. I've had lots of thrills, but having a girl, two of them, dress me, sort of revitalized me. But I was too upset to think of making love. They began to steer me out of the room, one at each of my elbows. "Look, stop being so cute, both of you," I said. "What's this all about?"

"Murder," said Lila, stopping. "You killed Adele, and we're your alibi. We told those detectives you

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"That's funny, I didn't even hit your knee yet."

his brain. He died almost instantly.

We hustled the half-dead girls out of the cellar room and across the yard to the truck. My English friend stayed with them while I scaled the wall that separated us from the hospital. There was still our mission to accomplish and time was running out.

**T**HREE WAS NO SENTRY on duty at the side entrance of the hospital. The hallways were dark. I dodged several nurses by ducking into hall closets and then entered one of the wards that was crammed with men in beds. I carried the one good Schmeisser.

One of the men watched me from his bed.

"General Craig Osten?" I whispered.

He nodded his head and I moved to the side of his bed. He studied my commando uniform carefully, and then smiled weakly. "I've managed to conceal my identity so far," he said. But they are bound to find out sooner or later."

"I've come to take you out," I said.

"No. I will bleed to death on the way," he said. "I have a nasty abdominal wound. I would only slow you up." He pulled back the blankets and showed me the big bandage over the middle and lower portion of his torso. I saw at once that it would be impossible to move him.

"Just give me a grenade," the general said. "I will make sure the Germans don't get any information from me, and I will die

in bed."

**I**HANDED HIM THE grenade. This was his own decision to make. He placed the grenade against his chest over his heart, and then crooked one finger through the pin ring. "I will give you five minutes to get out," he said, "before I pull the pin and blow myself into oblivion."

I pulled out of the hospital, made it over the wall, and got into the truck with Hammock and the girls. The motor coughed a few times and then turned over. We were off and moving at top speed down the road with a minute to spare. We got about a hundred yards outside the edge of town when we heard the grenade explosion and knew the general had blown his heart out and sealed his lips forever.

We rode out to the beach and ditched the truck. Then we waited and sweated out the hour or so before dawn for the sub to come in and pick us up. Finally we saw its winking light and started to swim out. Hammock and I supported Alicia whose arm was broken and could barely float.

Halfway to the sub we were met by a rubber boat they had put out. We heaved the girls aboard and held on to the ropes along the sides while the boat was rowed back to the sub. And then we boarded and went down the conning tower into the sub itself. It was the end for us of one of the war's bloodiest behind-the-lines actions—one that was never told until now.

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